

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.
Robert C. Jackson, Judge. H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.
J. H. Stuart, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.
Jno. T. Barnes, Com. Clk. Atty.
Jno. W. Crockett, Sheriff.
James Bandy, Deputy Sheriff.
R. K. Gillespie, Treasurer.
H. P. Brittain and
H. G. McCall, Deputies.
R. S. Williams, Assessor.
Address, Pounding Mill, Va.
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.
Address, Snapp's, Va.

THE CHURCHES.

STRAS MEMORIAL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Divine Service—First and Third Sunday of the month at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Holy Communion—First Sunday at 11 a. m.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
A hearty welcome is extended to all.
Rev. W. D. BUCKNER, Rector.

Methodist Episcopal Church North.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 p. m.
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
Sabbath School at 9:30 p. m.
Meeting of Epworth League each Monday night at 7:30, the third Monday night of each month being devoted to literary work.
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.
Isaac P. Martin, Pastor.

Baptist Church Services.

Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 1st and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and on 1st and 3rd Sundays at 7:30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. every Monday at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; Missionary Society 2d and 4th Sundays at 4 p. m. All are invited to attend. Strangers welcome. W. C. Foster, Pastor.

Lutheran Church.

Services at the Lutheran church at North Tazewell every 1st and 3d Sunday at 11 a. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.
G. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
H. W. O'KEEFE, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAREWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the third Monday in each month.
H. W. O'KEEFE, W. M.
G. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Post & Avery's shoe store.
A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, N. G.
H. R. DODD, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night in hall of Bluegrass Lodge, No. 142.

W. D. BUCKNER, C. P. A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, A. W. LAXTON, P. C. P. Scribe.

LAWYERS.

A. J. & D. M. DAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

BARNES & BARNES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. and the Federal courts at Washington. C. J. Barnes, John T. Barnes.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. and the Federal courts at Washington. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

CLINTON & COULING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. and the Federal courts at Washington. S. M. B. Couling will continue his office in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. Clinton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Couling, Tazewell, Va.

KEEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Seems building, Edgar L. Grover, Barnes Gillespie.

W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—Seems building.

C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collecting a specialty.

VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Richmond, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office in Stras building.

W. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Richards, Va. West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras building.

H. B. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Stras building.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House. R. H. Henry & C. Graham. R. W. Strass.

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any magazine. Sold by all newsdealers. For four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

RECOMPENSE.

The peasant sowed, uncompensated, in pain; An army rode and trampled down his grain; Another year—beyond the farthest yield Spent rich and golden from the trampled field!

The mifer delved in darkness and despair; His tears concealed the trove his hand laid bare; His orphaned child, years after, found the corn, And, lo, it glorified a diadem!

The friar sang a vespers, sweet and clear; Without his cell a monarch paused to hear; The sick slept, nor ever dreamed that he Had sung to kings and sweetened history!

The brave knight rode, fearless and all alone; The brave knight fell, and none reared him a stone; His faithful sword, borne by another's hand, One day brought joy and freedom to his land.

The great man lived, lonely and poor and scorned; The great man died, and but a beggar mourned; A thousand years—and lo, in twilight's gloom Ten thousand pilgrims kneel beside his tomb!

Paint heart, be brave and banish thy despair; Look to the past—find vindication there; Our little lives make God's rewards seem late, But recompensed are they who work and wait.

—BURRITT Hamilton, in Carleton's Every Where.

The Man Who Hung On

By W. BERT FOSTER.

THE rattle of the Gazette's press was the only sound in the lone, one-story brick structure occupied by its editorial and printing rooms. The half-grown boy who, with Judson himself, made up the staff of the paper, kept the press going steadily, a feat learned by long practice. He reached up one hand, shoved a sheet down to the guides, keeping the crank turning with his foot and the other hand, and the old machine rattled on like a skeleton flitting in the wind.

Beyond the partition, in the little square apartment dignified by the name of office, though almost as bare and unlighted as the printing-room, sat Judson, proprietor and editor of the Gazette, his elbows resting on the desk, his face in his hands. There was a hopeless gloom in his attitude, a despairing stoop to his shoulders, which revealed, more than did the shabbiness of his apparel and of the little office, the depths to which he had come.

Judson had come out from the east five years before, with all the hope and enthusiasm of a boundless ignorance of the country to which he had journeyed, to carve his fortune. In these five years he had gained quantities of experience, but the fortune had thus far proved elusive—very elusive indeed.

He had put his faith in the then promising settlement of Bird City, and had started in to mound and guide public thought through the columns of the Gazette. But as the months passed the enthusiasm of the Bird City citizens began to die out. The town had been built upon the flat prairie, leagues from a river of any importance and without any other tie of communication with the rest of the world. It had been really prophesied by the founders of the town that it would one day become a great railway center. The nearest railway, however, still remained 20-odd miles away.

Bird City was not even the center of "a thriving farming country." Thriving farming sections are growing scarce in the west these years. Slowly at first, the population of the town de-camped. It was a suggestively unfortunate name—Bird City; it was soon literally spending its wings and migrating to other and more promising lands.

But Judson hung on. At first his faith in the ultimate success of the town was unshaken. The great P. W. & N. M. would throw out a branch line which would take Bird City in as its center of operations. Then, when faith had grown cold, pride kept him at his post.

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into the paper. It was his child, the offering of his brain. The exercise of those talents which in college had been the basis of the faculty's brilliant prophecies regarding him made the Gazette a really valuable publication. But scarcely a dozen of Bird City's scanty population recognized that fact.

He threw aside the paper at last and rose. At the further end of the street was a man—one of the few merchants remaining in the town—who owed him a bill. He would try to collect it, and, if successful, could pay Sawyer and perhaps have a bit left. But he hesitated as a sudden puff of wind shook the loosened windows and swept in beneath the door; he shrank from facing the blast.

But the trip was necessary. The man would never come to him, and it was urgent that he should have the money. He folded up several exchanges and placed them across his chest, buttoning his coat tightly over them. One never realizes how much protection from the cold a newspaper is until he has tried this.

But while he still hesitated the door suddenly swung open and a visitor entered. At a glance Judson saw that he was not a resident of Bird City. He sat down, slipped the papers from under his coat and assumed his most business-like air.

"The wind is actually fierce to-day," said the stranger, smiling. He drew off his gloves and took the remaining chair in the little office. "Does it always blow this way in these parts?"

"It's apt to at this season. What can I do for you?" inquired Judson. "This is the office of the Gazette, isn't it?"

"Yes." "You're the only paper in town?" "We certainly have that distinction." The visitor glanced over the room. "I never saw no better of than most country papers, eh?" he suggested, frankly.

"Well," admitted Judson, "we are not exactly rich." "I've been through your town," said the other. "It's like a graveyard, isn't it?"

"Well, at this time of year—" "Yes, yes, I know. These boom towns always do slump. By the way," he leaned over and tapped the society pin on the lapel of Judson's shabby coat—"by the way, we should know each other." He displayed the same insignia as his own waistcoat, and they shook hands. The visitor offered Judson a cigar, and nothing further was said till they had "smoked up."

"What college?" inquired the visitor, behind his blue cloud. "Williams." "I don't mean it! So'm I!" They shook hands again. Judson smiled and pulled at the cigar luxuriously. "I was in '89," he said.

"That so? I followed you out the next year. Tell me known of you. They didn't tell me your name up town when I inquired for the office of the paper." "It's Judson," said the proprietor of the Gazette.

"Judson! Not Mortimer Judson?" cried the other. "The very same." "By George! I'd never have known you. You must remember me. I was Stebbins, of '90."

"Little Stebbins, I declare! I should not have known you. You must come up to the house with me and meet my wife. Dear! dear! I'd never have thought of seeing one of the old boys out here. Why, I used to pony you in your Greek notes!"

"Sure, And thank heaven, I've forgotten every line of Greek I learned, and have felt much easier ever since!" They both laughed, and Stebbins added: "But I should never have thought to find you in this country. How is it? Why, the place is absolutely dead!"

Judson hesitated and a little flush dyed his cheek. "Things are not very promising here just now, I grant you," he said, slowly. "But I think—that is, I hope—that better times will come. Bird City has an excellent site. When the P. W. & N. M. throws out its branch line to the southwest—"

"I interrupted Stebbins," "I'm connected with the P. W. & N. M." "You don't say!"

"My governor's president. I'm sort of an advance agent myself." Judson stopped smoking. He looked across at the younger man; there was something in his eyes Stebbins did not understand. He plainly saw evidence "hard times" in the little office; but he said these things were only the man you hung on knew.

"You see," said Stebbins, "the P. W. & N. M. has finally decided to extend its line to the east. When I looked over the map, and ground is already been taken here and there. The state proposed before the boom has been abandoned. Folks want to go back for their land. Now we've bought the land quietly and will have trains running next summer. It's a good you hung on, Judson. This is a lot back here, I take it?" He added, glancing out of the window. "Well, I face the station. When I looked over the map, and ground is already been taken here and there. The state proposed before the boom has been abandoned. Folks want to go back for their land. Now we've bought the land quietly and will have trains running next summer. It's a good you hung on, Judson. This is a lot back here, I take it?"

"We're running off the edition now," Judson, weakly. "Well, no hurry. There'll be a good deal of this sort of stuff come your way. You treat us white and you'll be nothing by it."

Judson sat up and breathed again. This is big news for Bird City," he said. "It will be the making of it." "It'll be the making of your paper," Stebbins, cheerfully. "I expected out of our work out mostly in Rainer; but, of course, an old college friend and a fellow of the same society—" "Thank you," said Judson, gravely, and he accepted the bundle of copy Stebbins drew from his pocket.

"By the way," the railroad man added, "until we get this department in some kind of running order you needn't look for payment through the usual tape channels. You figure up this stuff now and I'll pay for it and get it off my mind." He drew a roll of notes from his pocket.

"As you please," said the other, calmly, but he figured on the margin of the slips with trembling fingers. He went to the door a moment later and bowed his visitor out.

"I'll accept your invitation to dinner some other day," said Stebbins. "I shall be around here most of the winter."

Judson went back to his desk and stared from the crisp bank notes to the printed slips. Suddenly he called Sawyer. The clerk of the press came, and his satellite appeared.

"Sawyer," said the editor, with unshaken voice, "stop the press and pull off the editorial page. We're going to issue an extra."

"Yes, sir. And by the way, Sawyer," pursued Judson, calmly, "here's what we owe you to Saturday night. Be quick about that form, please. I'll give you the first 'take' of copy in a few minutes."

After the wondering Sawyer departed, the man who hung on bowed his head, and the tears fell upon the printed slips and the bank notes strewn over

the desk and—Lippincott's Magazine.

SPANISH ROTTENNESS.

How the Large Suma Voted to Fortify Manila Were Pecked by Corrupt Naval Officials.

The China mail of Hong-Kong, which was delayed lately in the San Francisco post office, contains some Manila correspondence that is interesting and has not been published. One correspondent gives details of the exposure of the dishonesty and incompetence of Spanish authorities at Manila. He says:

"Startling evidences of rottenness were revealed when the advent of the American squadron made a last overhauling of the defenses at Manila necessary. The condition of affairs unearthed is probably without parallel in the military or naval history of any modern European power. Where large sums had been granted to purchase ordnance and ammunition it was discovered that the officials had enriched themselves at the expense of the state and had allowed the service to go to the dogs."

"The mines and torpedoes defending the bay of Manila were a mere mythical. Until a supply of worn-out cable had been purchased from the Sherrard Osborna wherewith to render mines effective there were no mines, and, even at the time of Dewey's attack, it is asserted by those who ought to know that the approaches to Manila were not guarded as they might have been. Some torpedoes were in stock at the government arsenal at Cavite, and these were entrusted for the emergency, but important parts were discovered to be missing, and it is doubtful if they were successfully replaced."

Another correspondent gives details of the bombardment of Cebu, the third largest city of the Philippines, which was nearly destroyed by the Spanish. There was no excuse for this destruction, as had the Spanish landed a force of troops they could have easily driven out the rebels. At the first fire the insurgents decamped, taking \$200,000 in cash with them.—N. Y. Sun.

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SMOKELESS POWDER.

A Remarkable Compound Soon to Be Used in Our Navy.

Some Interesting Particulars of Its Manufacture—It Is Far Superior to the Brown Powder Now Used.